PUBLICATIONS.

HE'S CLOSE TO 80 AND WANTS NO INDIAN MAIDEN.

He Did Write the Letter Referring to an Indian Maiden, but It Will Be Plain to All Now, in the Light of His Explanation, That It Was Only a Joke.

BRIDGEHAMPTON, L. I., April 24.—Orlando Hand, the Bridgehampton farmer, 77 years old, who, according to a despatch in to-day's SUN, sent to the Indian officials of Indian Territory asking for an Indian maiden who would love him and make him happy admitted to-night from beneath the quilts that it was true, not that he wants an Indian maiden, but that he wrote the letter; but it was all a joke, he said. He said it about fifteen times, a little louder each time, for his family were all in the adjoining sitting room, where they could hear, and they had all seen the piece in the paper, and Orlando Hand knew it, too, although his wife and his daughter, who teaches the village school, and his son Nathan, who runs the farm hadn't said anything at the supper table But Orlando Hand did not take any chances on what might be dropped in the course of an evening's conversation by the sitting room fire. He went to bed at 7 o'clock

That's how his admission that he wrote that note came half muffled from beneath the comfortable and the red quilt. He threw off the clothes and sat up to explain to the reporter at the bedside that it was just a joke and then listened wistfully for any stray comments that might come through the crack of the door; but the grim silence in the sitting room was broken only by the creaking of Mrs. Hand's rocking chair and the songs of the school-

"Let me see the pesky thing again," said Mr. Hand, as he removed from beneath his pillow the newspaper clipping that had disturbed the Sabbath quiet of Bridgehampton, and read as follows:

MUSKOGEE, I. T., April 23. -Orlando Hand, a farmer who lives at Bridge Hampton, L. I., says he is 60 years old, that he is a hustler and last year raised 10,000 bushels of potatoes, 8,000 bushels of turnips, 1,000 bushels of corn and keeps twenty cows. He says he has been postmaster and does not drink, swear or emoke. He wants the Indian officials to send him names of two or three likely Indian muidens and to give his letter to one who will answer it. He says above all things wants a woman who will love him and make him happy.

"It's a pack of lies," he resumed, raising his voice and looking at the door. "I neve told them I was 60 years old. I am nigh on to 80. It says there that I raised 10,000 bushels of potatoes last year. There were 12,000, if there was a bushel. You see, it's

bushels of potatoes last year. There were 12,000, if there was a bushel. You see, it's all wrong. The newspapers never get things right. It goes on there and says I raised 3,000 bushels of turnips. I will eat hay if there weren't 3,200 bushels. I don't know about the corn; paper says I raised 1,000 bushels. Must have been more than that; I'll ask Elizabeth. No, guess I won't ask her to-night. She has probably forgotten, too. But I have got twenty-two cows. It's all wrong.

"As for that piece on the tail end there, about an Inquan maiden [Mr. Hand took a firm hold of the quilt as if he was going to duck and cover] I tell you it was but a joke. I tell you just how it was. I go away from home winters sometimes. Some years ago I went down to Virginia and tried running a plantation there for a while, i like the South and——

"A newspaper rattled, out in the other room, and Mr. Hand fell back on the pillow, and tugged at the quilt, remarking at the same time that it was only a joke. The noise was not repeated. Mr. Hand instend for a minute with his eye on the sitting room door and then resumed.

"As I was saying, I like the South, and thought I would like to go to Texas some time or somewhere in that direction, so I wrote to the Secretary of the Interior and asked about Indian lands. He referred me to the Indian Agency at Muskogee, so I wrote there just for a joke. I didn't really want land, I just wanted to see how cheap it was in case I ever did. Well, somebody in Oklahoms wrote me that the only way to get Indian land was to marry into the tribe and take an Indian girl for a wife. That's all there was to it—just a joke."

The chair creaked hard and the newspaper. tribe and take an Indian girl for a wife.
That's all there was to it—just a joke." The chair creaked hard and the newspaper rattled outside and Mr. Hand rolled over

Was that all?" asked the caller.

"Was that all?" asked the caller.

"That's about all worth mentioning," came in a half smothered voice from the bed clothes. "I did write to that fellow out West just for a joke, just for a little lark, to send me the names of some Indian girls." The confession came from under two quilts and a blanket. Then the clothes were thrown back again and there came loud and clear for the bed room audience and the family group in the sitting room.

"But it was only a joke—just a little lark. Lord's sake alive, I am 77 years old. Do you think I'm going to get a divorce? Why I am not going to Texas. I won't go to Indian Territory. Bay, young man, what would you do? I wish I had never written that letter—was just a lark. Now, young man, you came 'way out here from New York to study that question of Indian lands for the paper. Don't you tell the man who drove you cut here from the depot anything about it. Don't tell anybody in the village, for it wouldn't interest them a bit."

Mr. Hand is a member of the Presbyterian

Mr. Hand is a member of the Presbyterian Church.

"Pretty doings, say some of the women of the church," I guess if I was Elizabeth Hand, I'd give Orlando Hand such a going over that he wouldn't forget it very soon. He is 80 years old if a day, and writing for an Indian maiden to love him and make him happy. I'd make him happy!"

"Boys will be boys," said a neighboring farmer, who is only 71 years old.

Mr. Hand was born in Amagansett, but came here fifty years ago. He is one of the most prosperous and most highly respected farmers on this end of Long Island, and nobody around here will doubt that he was fooling, just as he said he was. In 1861 he contributed \$1,000 to the Government and raised a company of 100 men-for the Eleventh New York Volunteer Cavalry. He went into the war as a Captain and was made a Major. He is a member of the Sons of the American Revolution. Although nearly 80, Mr. Hand is as spry as a youngster is on the farm, and in politics, as well as in letter writing, he is a Democrat, and during President Cleveland's second term he was Postmaster at Bridge-hampton.

SO.000 MUSIC RECORDS BURNED. Thousands of "Bedelias" and "Hiawathas" Destroyed With the Victor Plant.

CAMDEN, N. J., April 24 .- Fire destroyed the plant of the Victor Talking Machine Company, on Front street, above Market street, to-day, causing a loss of more than \$500,000. The flames threatened the whole water front of Camden, and besides the en-tire force of that city four Philadelphia Fre companies, which were hurried across the Delaware, aided in quenching the blaze. Thousands of records of Bedelia and "Hiawatha" went up in smoke. The firm had just finished a big consignment of these two songs and they were ready for ship-ment. All kinds of ragtime records were destroyed, and in all 80,000 records were

Morris Yacht Club House Burned.

The Morris Yacht Club House at Pelham Park, City Island, was burned last night. All the yachts had been put into the water last week. The fire started in the sail loft. A great many sails and many yacht furnish-

Plant of Brooklyn Cooperage Co. Burned. UTICA, April 24.-The plant of the Brookivn Cooperage Company at Tupper Lake was burned to-day. Loss, \$50,000. LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The tin "safety vault" of the latest g . q. swindle to be exposed recalls the device used several years ago by bucket shop proprietors to impress customers from the country. They had their offices plentifully supplied with dummy telephones communicating with nobody and nowhere, but through which in the presence of their dupes they would carry on imaginary conversations with leaders in finance and talk glibly of million dollar

"This Brooklyn Bridge makes business for the opticians," remarked the eye doctor on his way across the river on a trolley car. Most all the passengers read and the suspender rods and the other steel work of the structure cause an unbroken succession of shadows to flicker across the paper or book. That plays the mischief with the eyes. If the passenger looks from the car window the effect is even worse. Although the river and harbor view is mighty interesting, the Bridge crosser who has any regard for his sight will gaze at the car floor or keep his eyes shut."

"We have illustrations in facial expression on our ferryboat every morning and evening," said one commuter. "The bootblacks on this particular line of boats are not allowed to solicit patronage orally and that fact is conspicuously told in bras letters on their caps. But the rule is no hardship to the boys with the kits, for, hardship to the boys with the kits, for, like the lover in the song, they have learned to speak to you 'only with their eyes,' and they have got the appealing look game down so fine that no commuter with Jersey dust on his shoes can avoid them.

"The bootblack spots a prospective customer, gets in front of him and then, after a quick smile of salutation, glances down at the commuter's feet. So the

the commuter's feet. trick is done and no company rule

Mrs. Borealis, the polar bear widow in the Central Park menagerie got a new husband the other day and there was a great sniffing and rubbing of noses between the two in scraping acquaintance. Sam-son, the big grizzly in the adjoining pit shuffled up to the bars dividing the two

shuffled up to the bars dividing the two enclosures to size up the newcomer.

Samson has been a widower for some time and has done a great deal of flirting with the widow next door. The keeper expected that he would get jealous and want to fight the new bear. The new polar went to the bars to meet the grizzly and the two rubbed noses and then growled.

"It's all right. They're to be friends, said the keeper, who seemed to understand what the growling meant.

An ambiguous sign which serves to occupy the minds of the customers in a barber shop on lower Sixth avenue, reads: "Hats cleaned while waiting to be shaved."

Some of the longshoremen on South street have given up patronizing barbers. Every Sunday morning a gang of freight handlers gather at a stable in Oliver street near the waterfront. After the stablemen are through cleaning their horses, they clip them with a clipping machine. Then they invite the men who want their hair cut to step in. After a horse clipper has been run over his head a man doesn't have to bother a barber for some time.

A TORTOISE 300 YEARS OLD. Hagenbeck Says He Has Many Strange Animals for St. Louis Fair.

Carl Hagenteck, the animal man, arrived here yesterday from Hamburg on the steamship Bluecher and put up at the Hotel Earlington. Mr. Hagenbeck is said to be the largest collector of wild animals in from his father in 1866, when he was 20 years old. He has a zoological garden of 26 acres of his own at Stellingen, near

"I was 14 years old when I went into the animal business and I have stuck to it pretty closely ever since," he said last night. "I love work and I love animals and I think I know as much about wild beasts as any

"I have not been in this country for sev-"I have not been in this country for several years and to-morrow I am going to Central Park to see my friend, Director Smith. I sold him a tiger some time ago that I wish I had back again. It's the Siberian tiger from Lake Baikal and there's not another one in the world like it. I could get many times the price your city paid for it if I had it now. There are plenty of Siberian tigers, but none of the Baikal ones in captivity.

of Siberian tigers, but none of the Baikal ones in captivity.

"You have another rare animal here, the two-horned rhinoceros. Until quite recently it was the only one in captivity and of course very valuable. The report that the species had become extinct is not correct. The wars among the negro tribes in the part of Africa where they live prevented any from being captured. Recently the Berlin Zoological Gardens got one years old. A hunter shot the mother and raised the youngster. I have one on the way now from German East Africa to my place in Germany. It is a female and only two months old." ""

Mr. Hagenheck is going to have a collection of animals at the St. Louis fair. There will be 800 animals and among them will be some never before seen in this country. There are to be two giant cross-

will be some never before seen in this country. There are to be two giant cross-breeds between lions and tigers and also crosses between the horse and zebra and between the zebra and donkey.

"This half breed horse and zebra is a species that may do away with mules to some extent in the course of time, as they some extent in the course of time, as they some haddeners more appliable and more

some extent in the course of time, as they are handsomer, more amiable and more useful," Mr. Hagenbeck said.

Among the tortoises to be shown is one 300 years old and weighing 1,000 pounds. The boss animal man said he could easily prove the antiquity of the old fellow. There are to be serpents from 20 to 30 feet long and some weighing 200 nounds each. and some weighing 200 pounds each.

FISHING FROM NEW BRIDGE. Gloistein Gets the First Bite-Used to Being Bitten.

August J. Gloistein, president of the Gloistein Fishing Club, tried with a few of his friends to fish from the new East River bridge yesterday. Charlie Wagner, the Grand street dry goods man, who went fishing with Gloistein in the Aquarium once, was enthusiastic over the idea when Gloistein invited him, and said "We'll be the first." Gloistein mustered up a band of volunteers, including Pat Kehoe, the Mayor of Poverty Hollow; Louis Geils of the Hanfield House, Jake Hang, Fred Elfers of Williamsburg, and Simon Steingut, the Mayor of Second avenue.

Elfers of Williamsburg, and Simon Steingut, the Mayor of Second avenue.

They went to the bridge about 7 o'clock yesterday morning without poles, but with big coils of rope and huge chunks of lead for sinkers. Between the two towers they began to unreel the ropes. They had clams for bait and refreshments on the side.

The lines had not been cast in the water long before Gloistein shouted: "I haf a bide; I haf a bide! Hooray!" A second later he and several of the others were floundering on the walk and trying to hold on to the lines, which were slipping through their hands.

"Id's a vale, id's a vale," yelled Gloistein.

"I haf him sure."

"I haf him sure."

"I haf him sure."

Gloisten struggled desperately to pull in his line, and if there hadn't been a good strong rail between him and the river he would have had the honor to be the first man to drop from the new bridge. Then most of the lines snapped off short. The fishermen peered over and saw the tugboat they had caught making off triumphantly, with two of their ropes in two.

"This is ther lasht toime Oi'll let that Gloistein make a slob out av me," wailed Kehoe. "Oi should have known better."

"Dot fish get mein basket und zehn bottles beer," cried Wagner. "Such a shame."

shame."

A policeman approached on the run.

"What are you doing here," he shouted.

"Fishing," said Gloistein.

"I'll give you damn fools one minute to get away from here," said the cop and they took the minute with thanks. Several resignations from the club are expected shortly. Gloistein went home alone.

CANFIELD BACK FOR ART SHOW

JEROME BILL OR NO JEROME BILL, "I'M HERE, THAT'S ALL."

Not to Be Looked Upon as a Green Turtle With a Striped Tail, He Burkes His Name on Shipboard and Joins Clan Campbell-Starts for Providence

Serene, affable and so unobtrusive that ne preferred to appear on the passenge list simply as A. Campbell, Mr. Richard other places arrived yesterday by the got in wireless touch with Nantucket on field by his real name the purser soon was made aware that his suspicion was not altogether without foundation. He had a steward hand the undelivered Marconigrams to Mr. Canfield, who after opening and reading them remarked:

Mr. Canfield was clean shaven and wore a dark suit with a cutaway coat that fitted him comfortably, but not noticeably well. He shook hands with the shorthand man with a cordiality that made the stenographer almost forget the list of questions he had prepared. Mr. Canfield's face meanwhile was illumined with a smile that seemed to invite almost any old interrogatory. This was the first one:

"How are you doing in these troublous times, when so many statements are being circulated about you and the business you are reputed to be engaged in?"

Mr. Canfield, his questioner reported later, looked at him in a peculiar manner, and, with more than his accustomed suavity, answered: Mr. Canfield was clean shaven and wor

Then the ship news man ventured this safe one;

"When are you going to leave the pier?"

"Just as soon as the customs people will let me; and I'm going directly to Providence."

"It is reported that when you went away on the Campania under the same name that you have chosen to assume on this trip, you talked much about art with kindred spirits in the smoking room. How about that?"

"All fake, my boy: all fake," and Mr. Canfield patted the young man on the back. "I never gave out but one personal interview, and I was betrayed into that. The rest were all patched up in the newspapers."

"Is it not rather peculiar that you travel under an assumed name?"

"I always do that. Do you suppose I want to be looked upon as a green turtle with a striped tail and have a whole lot of women aboard ship gazing at me?"

The questioner reverted to the subject of art to gain time while he sparred for an opening. Mr. Canfield smiled, but was mute.

"What are your plans for the summer?"

hibition of the Rhode Island School of

hibition of the khode Island School of Design, early next mouth. He is very much interested in this institution and has given largely to its endowment fund.

He is particularly interested in the exhibition this year because a feature of it will be the showing of his collection of pictures, including all his canvases by Whistler and his collection of Whistler etchings. He left for Providence yesterday afternoon.

He left for Providence yesterday afternoon.

There was no indictment against him when he went to Europe, and it is presumed that Mr. Jerome will not present his case again to the Grand Jury before the Governor signs the Jerome bill.

News reached New York from Saratoga yesterday that in a recent issue of the Daily Saratogian it was pointed out that the bill, as passed by the Legislature, contains a flaw and that the attention of the Attorney General has been called to this for the purpose of determining whether the Governor ought to sign the built in its present form or not. The story had it that the bill was changed in some way between the time it left the Senate and the time it was passed by the Assembly.

Irish Band Wouldn't Play "God Save the King" on the Etruria.

The Irish flag will fly at the St. Louis Exposition over the soil of Ireland herself, unmolested by the police or the military. The soil arrived yesterday aboard the Cunarder Etruria, from Liverpool and Queenstown. There are fifteen tons of it from three counties and with it will be transfrom three counties and with it will be transported more than \$500,000 worth of the finest lace ever made in the Emerald Isle.

Besi des the lace there were in the hold of the ship replicas of famous Irish jewels and specimens of the skill of Ireland's foremost metal workers, some of whom are among the company of 435 talented Celts who arrived by the Etruris.

Conspicuous in the throng were the blue uniformed musicians of Dublin, called "Ireland's Own," most of whom were second cabin passengers. ond cabin passengers.

A dramatic company of twelve, who will appear in Gaelic plays, also are in the Irish

number on the programme, the British anthem.

T. W. Rolleston, who presided at the concert, has charge of the lacemakers and their exhibit. It is said he was not enthusiastic about the final number; anyhow, when the musicians came to it they laid their instruments on the floor. They were urged by English folk in the saloon to play out of courtesy, even if they did not like the sentiment of the tune. They made no protests and no noise; they simply declared that they would not play, and they didn't.

Two stewards with a musical bent were hunted up. One played the flute and the other the piano, and they rendered the song acceptably, to the English passengers at least, and were applauded. There was no hissing. Most of the musicians sat still and listened; some walked out of the saloon. After the incident everybody appeared to be as cordial as before. The band, according to the leader, never appeared under the Irish flag before boarding the Etruria.

The Dublin Men's Club will give a banquet to-night at the Hotel Vendome.

PUBLICATIONS

"He draws water

A new book by

PUBLICATIONS.

MARK TWAIN— **Extracts from Adam's Diary**

This volume consists of authentic extracts from the diary of Adam begun shortly after the Creation. Adam's first impressions of things are naively recorded. Speaking of Eve. he says: "This new creature with the long hair is a good deal in the way. I wish it would stay with the other

Illustrated with forty funny pictures by F. Strothmann, after the manner of the stone age,

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

(JUST PUBLISHED.)

BY SNARE OF LOVE

By ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT,

Author of "WHEN I WAS CZAR," "IN THE NAME OF A WOMAN," "A DASH FOR A THRONE," Etc. This is one of the most exciting romances Mr. Marchmont ever wrote. The here is a successful American who had obtained concessions in Turkey and was developing the resources of the country. Suspicion, Jealousy and hatred rouse Ottoman opposition, and from that follows a keen, relentless and compute structure. and remantic struggle.

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or THE MASTER PASSION By WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE.

Detroit, the old French city of Cadiliac, and lovely Grosse Ile, lying where the Detroit river Joins Lake Eric, form the theatre for this pretty romance of Revelutionary days.

Love is the motive power that dominates the action of the story, manifesting itself in its varied forms, through the characters of the chief actors.

The author's purpose has been to tell a story that will explivate and hold the interest. There is little moralizing, no uscless dialogue, ne surplusage of description.

Mr. Sprague's great prominence in the control of the story in the control of the chief actors.

this, his first nevel. 12mo, cloth, with frontispiece in colors, \$1.50. For sale by all booksellers or sent postpaid.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

Q. What Keeps the Smile from Coming off? A. The Quality of Youth.

COMPANY TO A CONTRACT OF THE PARTY OF THE PA MARRIED AND CAME OVER SEA

RUNAWAY COUPLE FROM LON-DON ON THE ETRURIA.

Father Had Cabled of Their Coming, but There Was No One Here to Interfere With the Course of True Love, So Mr. and Mrs. Wray Keep On to Japan

In the second cabin of the Cunarder Etruria, in yesterday from Liverpool and Queenstown, were a tall, fine looking, blue eved young woman and a red haired man about 30 years old, who were much disknee and bobbed her head up and down. tressed because of the interest displayed Her ears flapped backward and forward by an immigration boarding officer and John D. Gulick, a Customs House broker of 16 Beaver street, in what the young man termed his "private and personal affairs." woman's maiden name was Rose Andrews,

He is C. O. Wray of London. The young and she changed it early on the morning of April 16, in London, with the assistance of a clergyman. She received a marriage certificate and got to Liverpool with her husband in time to board the Etruria.

Meanwhile, her father had been worried. When she did not show up at home that night he confided his distress to a friend named Martin, who is a friend of Mr. Gulick. Mr. Martin cabled to Gulick to look out for the elopers, and Gulick went down to Quarantine on a revenue cutter yesterday to do so.

He was greeted without cordiality and informed by the red haired young man that Miss Andrews had become Mrs. Wray

informed by the red haired young man that Miss Andrews had become Mrs. Wray more than a week before, and that she had a perfect right to do as she pleased, as she was 28 years old; also, although it was nobody's business, she was in love with her husband, who was quite able to support her on his salary of \$3,500 a year.

The boarding inspector soon found out all these things and politely told the couple that he had nothing to say except to wish them a safe and happy journey to Japan, for that is where the elopers are bound on their honeymoon. That is also the reason, probably, that they came in the second cabin, as it requires a lot of money to take two persons all around the world. He had tickets to Vancouver to show that he was merely in transit, and he and his wife boarded a train at the Grand Central Station at 7 o'clock last evening.

The couple refused to be interviewed, but it is known that the young woman's father is a well to do resident of London and is interested in the local railroads there. He probably discovered after her departure that his daughter had been married in London, as he sent a despatch, which the young bride received as she got off the ship, requesting her to write to her father.

The girl said that she was born in England,

The girl said that she was born in England, ough her father is said to b American. PICTURED BOY KILLED.

His Face Still Flits By in the Street Cars,

Advertising Breakfast Food. Philip N. Sullivan of 17 Oliver street, who was run over and killed by a Madison avenue car not far from his home last Saturday, was only 6 years old, but he added considerably to the support of the family by

what he earned as an artist's model.

He was the perfect type of a happy, healthy child of his age, and that is why photographers like Sarony and Burr McInphotographers like Sarony and Burr McIntosh sought him out and posed him for various pictures used for advertising purposes. In one of the pictures his ruddy little face looks at you from under the white cap of a chef, handing out a breakfast food.

His mother didn't even keep track of the many guises in which he figured, but whenever she looked at the advertising pages of a magazine or at the advertisements in the

ever she looked at the advertising pages of a magazine or at the advertisements in the street cars she was sure to see her son's bright face gazing at her. Yesterday he lay in a white coffin in a darkened room, and his small playmates dropped in to look for the last time on their dead chum, who became a celebrity when he was 4 years old.

PRESS AGENT WORKS SUNDAY The Wily Fellow Turns Miss Ethelberts Jones's Disaster to Account. Reporters were summoned by telephone

Baths in West Twenty-fourth street, where, her skull diving into the pool. The reporters assembled at the baths in time to see a limp lady, her head swathed

Oh, yes, the reporters might see the pool where the lady was hurt diving, and they

might make pictures, too.

Who is the lady? Oh, she is Miss (well say Ethelberta Jones)—she is an actress. She has been coming here every day for two weeks to practise the great rescue scene in 'Rum-li-lardle-um,' which opens at the Chrysolite Theatre on Mumpuary 3. She dives off a bridge, and—"

AUTO HITS PILLAR.

of 106 Barbey street, Brooklyn, a manuof 10s Barbey street, Brooklyn, a manu-facturer of printers' supplies, ran his auto-mobile into an elevated railroad pillar at the junction of Fulton street and Broad-way. East New York. The machine was wrecked and Mrs. Connor was so badly hurt that she had to be removed to her home in an ambulance.

When the accident occurred the couple

AMUSEMENTS.

Curtain at 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Saturday. With distinguished ALL-STAR CAST.
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE.B'WAY & 38th 8t. Last week. Evenings at 8. Matinee Sat. at 2. Wright Lorimer the Shepherd King

MATINEL HURTIG & SEAMON'S W. 128th St. Spadeni, Jas. J. Morten, J. K. Emmett & Anna Mortland, Howard & Bland AMERICAN 42d St. & 8th Ave. Eve. 8:30.

Andrew Mack | GENTLEMAN

Manhattan B'way & 334 St. Evgs. at 8:15. THE VIRCINIAN STAR Lex. AV. & 107th. Matthee TO-DA

EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St., B'WAY
LAST WEEK THIS THEATRE,
LYCEUM THEATRE NEXT WEEK
AUGUSTUS THOMAS' THE OTHER GIRL
GREATES COMEDY
NEXT MONDAY SEATS SELLING JULIA MARLOWE WHEN KNIGHTHOOF WAS IN FLOWER. HUDSON THEATRE, 44th St., E way & 6th Av. Bys. 8:10. Mat. Saturday. HENRY MILLER MARGARET ANGLIN In CAMILLE HERALD SQ. THEATRE, Sounds. & B'way
HERALD SQ. THEATRE, Sounds. & B'way
200TH TIME, MAY 10TH. Silver Souvenirs.
The Girl From Kay's Sambernard. CRITERION THEATHE, 44th St. & B'Way, Eygs. 820. Mats. Wed. & Sat. WILLIAM; in Richard Harding Davis Farce COLLIER THE DICTATOR

"AMUSEMENTS.

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St. & B'way, Pyg. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. LAST 2 WEEKS IN NEW YORK.

ELEANOR MERELY
ROBSON MARY ANN SAVOY THEATRE, Sath St. & B'way, Evgs. 8:10. Mat. Sat. ELIZABETH THE NEW COMEDY FROM THE FRENCE TYREE in WITH LEO DITRICHSTEIN,
NEW LYCEUM B'way & 45tn St. At 8:30
Last Mat. Sat. at 2:16.
THE LAST 6 NIGHTS

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CHAS. HAWTREY
in Burnand's 3-Act play.
SAUCT SALLY
(from the Empire), Augustu

THE OTHER GIRL DALY'S Broadway & 30th at LAST 4 NIGHTS THEN LONDON

PRINCE PILSEN
Next Saturday Ev. In his New Play
JAS, K.
HACKETT
Every Eve. and Martinees Wed. 4 das.

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Mornings, Afternoons, Evenings,
"The most original and attractive equastrian sho
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Running and Hurdle Races,
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ADMISSION, 500, RESERVED SEATS, \$1.00.
Concerts by Lander's Full Band.

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Only Matinee Saturday, 2:15.
Telephone, 708—38th. DE WOLF HOPPER "WANG"

PROCTOR'S To-day, 25c., 50c. 23d St. | MABEL McKINLEY, Mary Dupon and Co. Sandor Trio, Kennedy & Rooney, other 5th Ave. "IN MIZZOURA"

125th St. | "CAMILLE"

WEBER PIANO USED. IRVING PLACE THEATRE. Last Week! To night, Farewell-Christians "Die Judin von Tolodo." Tues., "Nathan der Weise."

assisted Susan Metcalfe by Tickets, \$1.50, at Ditson's, \$87 Broadway

Introducing the Most Realistic of All Church Scene
A BIG PRODUCTION AND FINE CAST.

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Prices: 25,50,76,1,00, Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2 Eve. 8:14
Next Week, "Two LITTLE SAILOR BOYS."

WALLACK'S B'way & 50th St. Evg. 8:20
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The leading dancing academy of all New You Accessible, attractive, spacious, perpitar and ways the best patronized. Extensive attention and improvements have just here controlled greatly enlarging the floor states and between the comfort and convenience of any applies.

Glide and half time watter target.

Dancing School, 112, 114 & 116 West 18th St. 3 doors west of 6th Av. L station. Private and class lessons daily. Open all Summer,

were destroyed.

Canfield of New York and London and Cunarder Etruria, from Liverpool and Queenstown. It was not until the liner Saturday morning that a suspicion entered the purser's mind that Mr. Canfield might be among his distinguished guests. Two wireless messages were received for Mr. Canfield. A steward went all around the ship shouting "Mr. Canfield," and Mr. Canfield was as imperturbable as if he had never heard the name. After the ship had docked and the only shorthand man in the ship news combination had greeted Mr. Can-

"What foolishness! I would not have answered them if I had received them." The purport of the messages was that Gov. Odell was likely to veto the Jerome bill, and the opinions of Mr. Canfield, by wireless, were desired for publication.

and, with more than his accustomed suavity, answered:

"There is nothing I can say, and nothing I am going to say."

The ship news man looked over his voluminous list and started to read another combination essay and question. Mr. Canfield put his right hand almost caressingly on his questioner's back and remarked in a tone that was apologetically polite:

"As one white man to another white man, you'll have to excuse me. You know perfectly well that I never give out an interview. You see that I cannot talk to you; but if there is anything I can do for you personally I shall be more than happy to accommodate you."

"How about the Jerome bill?" asked the ship news man, abandoning his list.

Mr. Canfield shrugged his shoulders, and remarked:

"I'm here; that's all."

and remarked:
"I'm here; that's all."
Then the ship news man ventured this

opening. Mr. Canfield smiled, but was mute.

"What are your plans for the summer?"
Another smile.

"Would you object to telling me the story of your life?"
A broad smile.
Then Mr. Canfield and the ship news man shook hands with great heartiness and wished each other good-day.

Mr. Canfield so timed his return that he might be in Providence for the annual exhibition of the Rhode Island School of

BALKED AT ENGLISH ANTHEM.

appear in Cashe plays, also are in the frish contingent.

The band is intensely patriotic. It played Irish melodies chiefly, with occasional essays in American tunes, notably the "Star Spangled Banner," but it utterly refused to play "God Save the King." It did its stunt at the usual Friday night concert in the saloon with enthusiasm, receiving encores, until it came to the final number on the programme, the British anthem.

The man so aptly described in the old proverb is not a whit more foolish than the man who wastes his advertising appropriation by sifting it through all kinds of unprofitable media.

A publication is not necessarily good medium because it goes to some of the people you want to reach. The fact that the rate is small makes no difference.

Shrewd advertisers begin with THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. If they use all their appropriation in its columns they are well satisfied; they know they have expended their money in the wisest possible way.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is, and always has been, perfectly honest with its readers. Not a deceptive line can get into it. Its advertising columns are guarded as carefully as the reading matter.

It can bring results that will make \$6 a line seem an insigficant price.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA

HATTIE, AT THE PARK, IS FULL OF NEW LEARNED TRICKS.

ELEPHANT WALKS FO DAT CAKE

Music Stope-Also Stands on Her Head Like the Little Girl With the Little Curl-Walks on Two Feet. Hattie, the young trick elephant in the Central Park menagerie, celebrated yester-day her recovery from a recent attack of

dyspepsia by giving a public performance

of some tricks her keeper has recently taught her. She performed before a "crowded

the elephant house as could squeeze in Her first stunt was to be a cakewalk. which is something new for an elephant. Billy Snyder, her keeper, had been putting her through the paces during the winter. and got her so that she caught the spirit of the negro movement and could go through the evolutions with a certain grace. When things were ready Snyder puckered his lips and began to whistle a ragtime air and motioned to the young lady to put her best

dancing foot forward and make the circuit of the stall. She advanced the right foot, bent the and she had got well started around the stall in a good imitation of the real thing when the music gradually died down and then stopped. The Greek candy man at the stand outside had given the keeper some popcorn and he had munched it until his mouth was as dry as a stranger in a prohibition town, and he couldn't make

the whistling go. When the music stopped so did Hattie. Snyder kept his lips in the proper shape and blew away, but there was no music, and it looked as though the cakewalk would have to be cut out.

and it looked as though the exacewait would have to be cut out.

A young man among the visitors thought he could relieve the situation and taking a harmonica from his pocket began playing "Down in Coon Alley." The elephant's musical soul was stirred by the familiar strains; for she, too, had been taught to play on, or blow through, the same kind of instrument. She started ahead again, bobbing her head and raising her knees, and went through the dance so well that the keeper, who was about to order the volunteer orchestra out of the building thought better of it and let the young man play on. The cakewalk is Hattie's last accomplishment in tripping the heavy fantastic toe,

better of it and let the young man play on. The cakewalk is Hattie's last accomplishment in tripping the heavy fantastic toe, and the keeper says she was as quick to learn as any spieler.

After the cakewalk came a waits, another new trick. Hattie's bulk is better adapted to that movement than it is to a quickstep, which the keeper abandoned after a few lessons to his pupil. One would not suppose, from the ease and grace with which she gyrated while the keeper whistied a waltz tune, that the young lady had recently been suffering from stomachache. This time Snyder got his lips in working order and furnished the music. In the middle of the waltz the animal swung around close to the bars separating her from the audience, and seeing so many of her friends close at hand she stopped dancing and stuck her trunk out through the bars for candy.

The elephant also showed her very latest accomplishment, which is standing on her head. This, the keeper said, is a very difficult trick for an elephant to do, but Hattie learned it in two weeks. A trick she learned some time ago is walking on her hind feet. The keeper says there is only one other elephant in this country able to do that. She has learned over a dozen tricks since she came from Germany eight months ago. She was uneducated when she came here.

tor of the Metropolitan Opera House, has been ill for three weeks at her home, 55 West Seventy-first street, with mastoiditis. Mr. Conried said last night that his wife was improving, although the doctors think it will be about two weeks before she is able to leave her bed. The doctors do not think an operation will be necessary. Twenty-third Regiment at Church.

The annual church services of the Twenty-

Heinrich Conried's Wife Ill

Mrs. Heinrich Conried, wife of the direc-

third Regiment were held yesterday after-noon at the Bedford avenue armory. The chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Lindsey Parker of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, preached to about 700 members and veterans of the organization. Ternado Hits a Kansas Town. McPHERSON, Kan., April 24 .- A tornade wrecked five dwellings in this city to-day. Several persons were injured but there were no fatalities. RARE-La Fontaine's Tales, Roxana, Gest Romanorum, Rousseau's Confessions. Any book PRATT 161 6th av.

vesterday afternoon to the Hoffman House

in bandages, appear from the inner re-cesses, supported by the strong arm of a doctor, whose name and address were fur-nished. She was pale and her head rolled as she was half carried to the cab waiting

Mrs. Benjamin F. Conner Badly Injured Last Night in East New York. While trying to avoid a collision with a trolley car last night, Benjamin F. Connor

When the accident occurred the couple were returning home from a spin to Prospect Park, and were riding on the tracks of the Fulton street line. A trolley car was behind the machine and another was crossing ahead of it. In turning out of the track to avoid them, Connor lost control of the machine. Both man and woman were thrown to the street, Mrs. Connor landing on her face, which was badly gashed. She was also probably internally injured. Mr. Connor escaped with slight bruises.

NEW AMSTERDAM west of B'way. NEW YORK B'way, 44th & 45th.
Last Mats. Wed. & Sa PRICES, 60-75-1.00-1.50—LAST WEEK RICHARD The Tenderfoot

NEXT MONDAY, FRANK L. PERLEY OPERA CO. IN "A VENETIAN ROMANCE."

BELASCO THEATRE. Eve. 8. Mat. Sat.
CROSMAN IN DAVID HELASCO'S new play.
SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS. ICTORIA
THEATRE of 6 Musical Cuttys, Looping the VARIETIES." Gap. Frank Bush. Nirvina, 4 42d.B'way.7av | Nightons: others.

3 MAT TO-day | THE WAYWARD SON WEST ENDC. B. Jefferson's Mammoth Production,

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE TO-DAY. Farewell Performance. DIE GOETTERDAEMMERUNG Mines. Ternina, Weed, Homer, Seygard, Raiph; MM. Kraus, Blass, Muchimann. Conductor. Mr. Alfred Heat

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 28, AT 8:15. Olive Mead Quartet

14TH STREET THEATRE, near 6th av.
Nights, 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.
Spring Prices, 25c. to \$1. NO HIGHER
GOOD RESERVED SEATS, 25c. and 5
THIS WEEK-Most Talked About Play of the A THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST

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MAJESTIC Evg. 8. Mats. Wed. 6 Sat. WIZARD of OZ with MONTGOMERY Monday. CHARLES A. BIGELOW Seats on Sale

OPERA HOUSE IN "RANSON'S FOLLY." MURRAY HILL Lex. av., 42d at. Evgs., 25c., 8sc., 50c Henry V. Donnelly Stock Co. The Maister of Woodbarrow

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